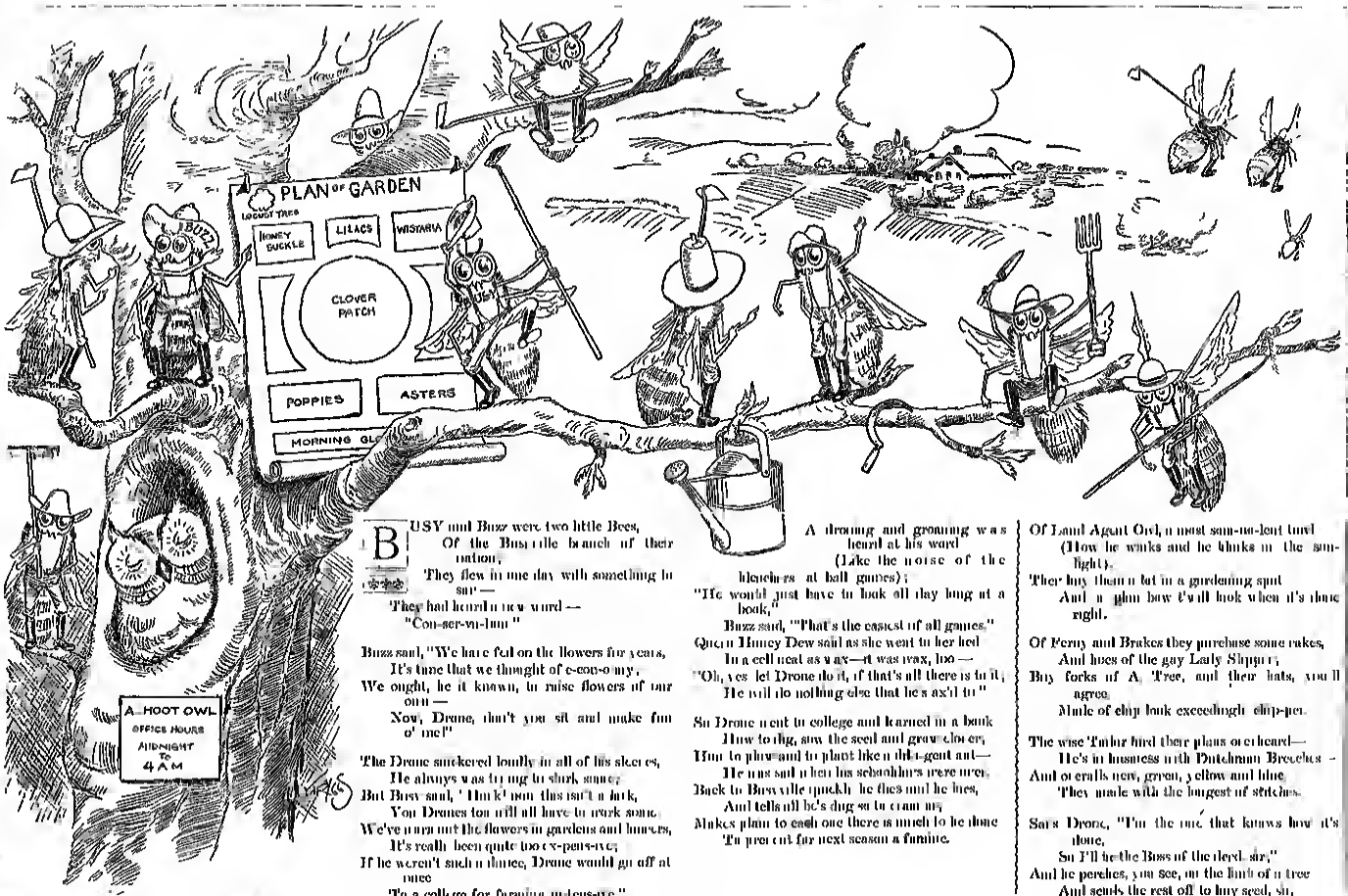
THE BUSYVILLE BEES

Drawings by FLOYD TRIGGS
Rhymes by L. FR. M. L. BAUM



BUSY and Buzz were two little Bees,
Of the Busyville branch of their nation;
They flew in one day with something to say—
They had learned a new word—
"Con-ser-va-tion"

Buzz said, "We have fed on the flowers for years,
It's time that we thought of e-con-o-my;
We ought, he it known, to raise flowers of our own—
Now, Drone, don't you sit and make fun o' me!"

The Drone snickered loudly in all of his sleeves,
He always was trying to shirk sumpin;
But Busy said, "Think! soon this isn't a lark,
You Drones too will all have to work some.
We've been out the flowers in gardens and bowers,
It's really been quite too ex-pens-ive;
If he weren't such a chinee, Drone would go off at once
To a college for learning in-tens-ive."

A droning and groaning was heard at his word
(Like the noise of the bleachers at ball games);
"He would just have to look all day long at a book,"
Buzz said, "That's the easiest of all games."
Queen Honey Dew said as she went to her bed
In a cell neat as wax—it was wax, too—
"Oh, yes let Drone do it, if that's all there is to it;
He will do nothing else that he's ax'd to"

So Drone went to college and learned in a book
How to dig, sow the seed and grow clover;
How to plow and to plant like a dig-gent ant—
He was sad when his schoolhours were over.
Back to Busyville quickly he flies and he lies,
And tells all he's dug so to cram us;
Makes plans to each one there is much to be done
To prepare for next season a famine.

Of Land Agent Owl, a most sam-ne-lent fowl
(How he winks and he blinks in the sunlight),
They buy them a lot in a gardening spot
And a plan how t'will look when it's done right.

Of Ferny and Brakes they purchase some rakes,
And hoes of the gay Lady Slipper;
Buy forks of A. Tree, and their hats, you'll agree,
Made of chip look exceedingly chip-per.

The wise Tailor bird there plans out the herd—
He's in business with Dutchman Breeches—
And oh, calls new, green, yellow and blue
They make with the longest of stitches.

Says Drone, "I'm the one that knows how it's done,
So I'll be the Boss of the herd, sir,"
And he perches, you see, on the limb of a tree
And sends the rest off to buy seed, sir.

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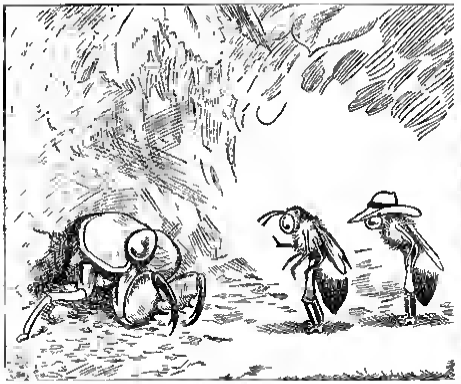
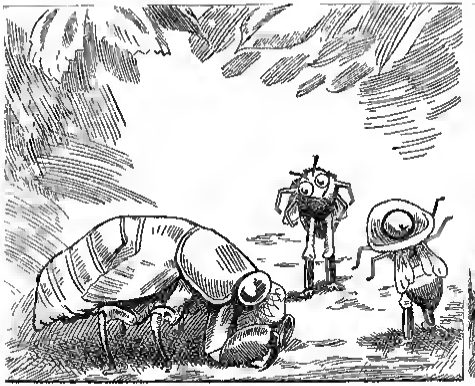
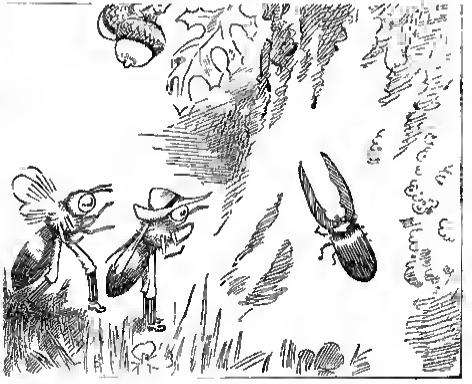


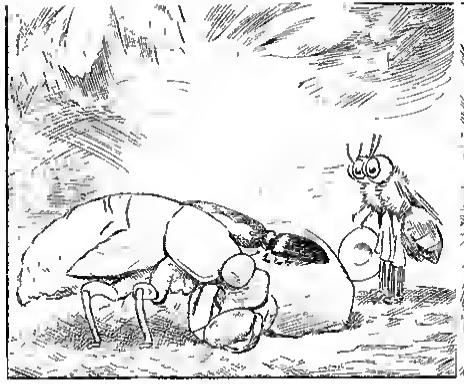
Said Buzz to his brother, "Look here!
This insect is acting too queer!
From encumbering clay he is making his way,
Let's pull him right out by his ear."



Said Buzz to Buzz, "Yes, and see
He's splitting himself, seems to me!
'Tis naught but his shell and it's easy to tell
He longs from this shelter to flee."



So off to the Beetle he goes
The one who has shears on his nose,
Cries, lifting his cap, "Come cut out o chap
Who's trying to shed his ol' clothes."

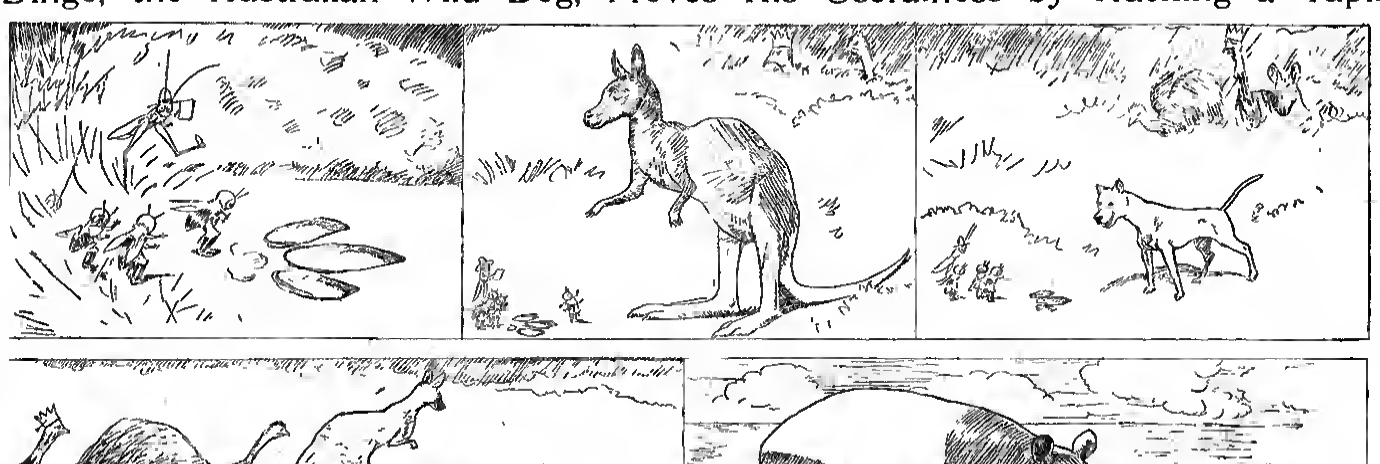


Cicada's his name and a dip
When he's free. Beetle says "will begin"
With Beetle's antennae (he charges a penny)
They slit him straight out of his skin.

There steps out the handsomest thing
Who lifting a shimmering wing
Says glancing about "Are the Katydids out?
Zizz zzizz, zzzzzizzzzz, he starts in to sing.

They dub him Go-li-ath for short,
And offer to take him to court,
Where a vacant position awaits a musician—
So off to the Queen they cavort.

Dingo, the Australian Wild Dog, Proves His Usefulness by Tracking a Tapir



Drawn for The Christian Science Monitor

One day the bees discovered a mysterious footprint. It was three-toed. They knew it was not big enough to be an elephant's, although upon careful measurement it was found to be considerably too large to be our Mr. Grasshop's. The bees could not think what animal made it and they invited Mr. Kangaroo, who of course proved to the satisfaction of all that it was not his footprint. However Mr. Fish and Mr. Lizzenary inspected the track—but could not identify it. All were very much puzzled when along came Dingo, the Australian wild dog. Dingo is of yellow hue.

Now some say that Dingo has of says been a wild dog, while there are others who believe that his forbears were tame dogs long ago when they came to the island-continent with their masters. Perhaps they contented them selves on the island among all the strange animals, until finally they became as wild as their associates. At any rate, they are wild today, though exciting intelligent affection at times and easily tamed. It takes to hand when they are puppies.

Dingo was quite as intelligent as the rest of his tribe and he knew every track of every animal in the forest and on the plain. "This track I don't recognize," said he, "therefore it is the track of some strange animal. And finding a sniff at it, Dingo sounded nose, followed more or less closely by the rest.

Over fields and through underbrush they scampered, once Dingo lost the scent in crossing a stream but he circled about until he found it again. Then off they went once more, up hill and down, leaping over ditches and into bushes which got in their way. Finally that is Dingo came to the seashore his sharpest so suddenly that he other animals must pass him down in their haste. Dingo sat down cocked his head on one side and then announced, "This is he—the animal who made the tracks."

A queer looking beast was standing alone on the shore looking disconsolately out over the ocean. This queer beast was about the size of a donkey. It had a glossy, black cloth and plush like cloth but its ideas were white, making it look as if a saddle blanket had been thrown over it. The bees and Mr. Grasshop noted that its strangest feature was its nose.—a proboscis nose which might have been intended to serve a prehensile like the elephant's but had carried its intention only a short distance and thus forgotten all about it.

"That is the animal which made the tracks," repeated Dingo impressively.

"But he has four toes," objected one Mr. Grasshop.

"Look at his hind feet," replied the knowing Dingo—true descendant of an intelligent race.

Sure enough, this strange animal had three toes behind and four toes in front. But this did not explain who he was and how he came to be in Australia.

"Who are you and where do you come from?" inquired Mr. Grasshop kindly ventured to inquire.

For answer the animal at first only wept great briny tears bigger to fall one after another from his tiny eyes. The bees moved to a little distance to avoid their splash. The attention was very awkward how could the bees and Mr. Grasshop offer consolation to a strange animal whose name they did not know? But at last the stranger found his voice.

"I am a Malayan tapir," he said sadly and slowly. "I came to Australia with a circus and I am weeping because I want to get back home. When I first joined the circus it was all very interesting, but after a while I wearied of it all. So one day I left without saying good-by to the other animals and I started in the direction of my home in the Malay peninsula. I traveled on cheerfully for many miles and then I came to an ocean—this ocean. Now what am I to do?"

If you will look at a map you will see that the Malay peninsula is the only place on earth where the tapir could feel at home while nearer Australia then Cuba or Madagascar is still quite a distance away. It was no wonder that the tapir wept. When Dingo ordinarily of a sunny disposition felt sad. He and the bees and our Mr. Grasshop, by showing their sympathy with the tapir's predicament and by talking to him so encouragingly as possible finally brought their new friend to a more hopeful mood. He stopped crying and told them some thing about his home and his habits.

"I live in the forest and love to swim," he said. "I'm no fame as I look and people can easily see what they call 'domesticate me and my family. We would make fine pets but—and here the tapir heaved a big sigh—how people seem to care to keep pet tapirs. You may like to know that when we are very young we are striped and spotted in such a way that we look like entirely different animals. We live on three portions of the earth's surface—in the Malay peninsula and the adjacent islands, in South America and Central America. Although we are widely separated all we inspire have a strong family resemblance the only difference being in our size and our markings. Oh yes, and the South American cousins lack the white stripe which people say are like a saddle blanket and are sometimes what similar. But I should like to see one of my relatives—even if his sides were black!" and at this the poor tapir began crying afresh.

So the bees Mr. Grasshop and Dingo got their heads together and schemed how they might take the tapir back home. How they managed it we shall read on another Monday.